

The Story Teller. HARRY MARTIN'S WIFE.

BY G. B. STUART.

"I'm afraid I've finished all my yarns," said the Lieutenant, thoughtfully drawing a match across the sole of his boot, as he spoke, for we were smoking in the verandah of his mother's house at Southsea.

"Then tell us a true story," I suggested, innocently.

The Lieutenant took no heed of my impudence, but he pulled away at the pipe for full five minutes, in a manner which was supposed to assist the deepest reflection. Presently he began:

"Did I ever tell you how I got Harry Martin's wife for him?"

"No!" I very incredulously from everybody; and from a chair in the back ground, "I should think that Captain Martin was perfectly well able to get a wife for himself."

"There you are wrong," said the Lieutenant, so superbly that we felt abashed, and humbled, and begged for the story.

"Believe it or not," asserted the some what mollified soldier, "but I can assure you it's as true as—well, as—Old Boots!"

This was the Lieutenant's usual formula before beginning one of his wonderful adventures, and it never failed to convince us—outwardly, at least; for who can withstand the undeniable existence of old boots? Having thus successfully closed all interrupting mouths, the Lieutenant graciously proceeded to recount the following episode in the life of Mrs. Henry Martin:

"The Valeria was lying in the bay at St. Michael's, one of the dullest holes we ever put into in all my experience. Harry Martin was first lieutenant, and I was second. Crisps was our captain—a good old sort enough, only he bothered us rather with reading out sermons on a Sunday, for he was a rigid Presbyterian, and was forever inveighing against the errors of Rome. Rather a queer lue for a thorough-going sailor to take up, wasn't it?"

"Of course I could get frequent leave when I wanted a run on shore, but I did not much care about taking it, for, really, there was nothing earthly to do in the place. I had a bad leg at the time, I remember, the remains of a frightful back at football, when we played the Excellent, and beat them into fits, in this very place, the Autumn before, so I wasn't up to much walking, and couldn't visit the places beyond the town, which Martin was always talking about and sketching.

"By and by I began to notice, that though he spoke of the general beauties of the island scenery, he appeared by his sketch-book to hunt one spot almost exclusively—the convent of Santa Agata, on the top of a hill just beyond the town. There were pictures of all sorts of saints and of the company. It was only to me, as an old chum, that he showed those pictures; and it wasn't long before I got out of my, by dint of a little chaff and a little judicious sympathy, that he was madly in love—or fancied he was, which is just as bad, every bit, while it lasts—with one of the sisters at Santa Agata. Why, you might just as well have been in love with the moon, for all the response you could get to your finest feelings, if you centered them on a Spanish nun. And so I told Martin, for I had been through the very identical same case myself at Vera Cruz, aboard the Rapid.

"But Jim," said Martin, quietly, looking shy, and red in the face, for he was an awfully modest man, and not half as well seasoned in these matters as I am; "suppose there has been some response."

"You don't mean to say you've spoken or corresponded with her?"

"For answer Martin pulled a little packet of letters out of the breast pocket of his jacket, tied with a piece of brand new blue ribbon, which the poor old duffer must have bought for that purpose.

"By degrees the whole story was told. He had seen Dona Dolores for the first time three weeks before, when he had strolled into the convent, at the visiting hour, to buy some of the nuns' famous lace for his people at home. That was how the acquaintance began; by looks of admiration on the one side, and apparent appreciation of them on the other. After this, Martin confessed, he was always buying lace every visiting day, until the old gorgonzola who assisted at the lace selling began to grow suspicious, and changed her companion for another sister more of her own calibre than pretty little Dolores. With the latter, however, our pretty intimate speaking terms, and by means of a market-woman, or a mule girl, or some such emissary, managed to carry on a correspondence of frequent notes.

"I started with astonishment when he told me all this; but, really, there are no lengths that a shy man won't go to when he's once roused. Of all lovers, I've heard girls say, there's nothing to come up to a shy man when he's in earnest.

"Well, so far the affair had gone, and there it had stuck; for who was to say what could be the end of such a hopeless attachment? In the end, in so far that there was no chance of the girl ever being released from the convent, which, she now intimated to Harry Martin, she cordially hated. She was an orphan, and had a lot of money, and though she had not taken the vows as a professed sister, you might just as soon expect a shark to leave hold of your leg when he had once grabbed it, as the priests and the sisters of Santa Agata to let poor Miss Dolores out of their clutches.

"There was nothing for it but for me to go to the convent, and see the girl; not see the girl again, but just keep close by the ship until we got our sailing orders, which most of us were hoping for every day. It's a thing sailors have to do, all the world over, for one can't marry everybody, and it's astonishing to find in how short a time you can't want to.

"But you should have seen the fury Martin got into when I suggested this everyday course to him. He talked about heaven, and Christian feeling, exactly as if I hadn't got either one or the other. Upon my word, if he hadn't been my senior officer, and such a chum, and such a big fellow, too, I should have knocked him down for what he said. At the same time, I was sorry for him, for by this time I saw he was in earnest in the affair; so when he had quieted down a bit, I said to him:

"What do you say to a rescue?"

"He jumped as if he'd been shot, and seized me by the hand.

"Do you really mean it, Jim? Will you lend a hand to help her out?"

"Are you going to marry her?" I asked severely. "For it's all very good fun rescuing the young lady, only goodness knows what she'll do with her afterwards. You may be sure St. Michael's will be rather too hot to hold her or us if our share in the matter gets wind. You won't be able to marry nearer than Lisbon, and I don't exactly know how you're going to get her there either, unless the boss gives her a passage, which, perhaps is a little too much to expect. It may interfere with the efficiency of his first officer.

"Poor Martin stood speechless, for though he had jumped at my suggestion, and evidently had considered the possibility of rescuing Dolores from her prison, his plan had

hero evidently stopped short. He had not reflected that the English Consul would never marry them in the teeth of the Spanish authorities, who would probably tear us to pieces for meddling with one of their ewe lambs.

"Well, Martin may be a very smart officer—indeed, there is no doubt about that—and he may have been a red-hot lover, but he certainly was not much of a strategist. So while I was musing the plan, in which I was now almost as much interested as he, I set him to write to the lady and formally offer her marriage, to be arranged for and carried out as soon as ever she could be conveyed safely to Lisbon, always provided that she herself could elude the vigilance of the Sisters, and join her lover outside the convent walls, on an appointed evening. Back came her answer through the medium of old Carmen of the market, a friendly old hag who carried vegetables up to the convent every day. The escape would be difficult, but not impossible. Carmen was to leave certain doors and windows of the back premises unlocked, and Dolores was to slip out at the time appointed. But, oh! were the English seniors certain that she would not be caught afterward? For she knew that if she were, the penalty would be death—or next door to it.

"Meanwhile, I had been laying out the whole plot, and very prettily I had dovetailed one thing in another. There was an old Irish woman married to a Portuguese Jew merchant, who lived in the Jews' quarter of the town. I had heard her tongue going, one day, like a mill clapper, as I passed by, and there was no mistaking her accent. I often used to stop and have a chat with her about the beauties of Queenstown, which she upheld against all comers.

"What her religion was I never discovered, for she held the priests in as great detestation as Captain Crisps himself; whilst she spoke up into all my experience. Harry Martin was first lieutenant, and I was second. Crisps was our captain—a good old sort enough, only he bothered us rather with reading out sermons on a Sunday, for he was a rigid Presbyterian, and was forever inveighing against the errors of Rome. Rather a queer lue for a thorough-going sailor to take up, wasn't it?"

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confidential, rather than the narrative strain; "but this Dolores was a wonderful beauty, though there was a bit of a shadow over her. She was a bit frightened and shy at first, especially when she discovered, by catching hold of my whiskers, that I was not Martin, who shaved clean in those days. But very soon I got her on the mule and explained matters in my best Spanish, and we were creeping stealthily down the hill the best of friends; and Dolores, who was not more than seventeen, apparently in childish high spirits at the success of our enterprise."

"But though she had done her part so easily, I didn't feel at all sure that our adventure was ended. There were lights morning to and fro at the upper windows of the convent, and at any moment her presence might be missed, whilst the open window, with its piled stools and boxes on the inside, would declare which road she had taken.

Just at this juncture, the confounded mule, that up to this had behaved himself pretty decently, began to back about in a manner simply fiendish. He was all over the road at once, and you never knew whether his head or his heels would be uppermost; suppose it was the girl's cloak that excited him, unless the beast was in league with the priests, and was doing his very best to stop the affair—those Spanish mules are artful enough for anything. Added to this, Miss Dolores got frightened, and I could hardly keep her from screaming out; and my leg, which had not done so much work for a long while, began to ache and throb so that I could scarcely keep up the mule's vagaries.

"We hadn't made more than a quarter of our journey, when I saw very plainly, by the sudden appearance of lights and torches in front of the convent above us, that the little sister's escape was discovered, and that the holy ladies were in hot pursuit. I wasn't so frightened of the ladies themselves, for I flatter myself I have rather a knack of managing them; but I had an unpleasant idea that they might have called in the assistance of hardy peasants armed with pitchforks, the thought of whom I did not relish at all.

"In vain I dug my dirk into the hind-quarters of the mule. We could not keep the pace, and soon cries and noise behind us were close upon us. At the top of the steep vineyard path, and seized the end of the nun's black cloak, and wrapping it round her head to prevent her cries being heard—for she was by this time quite beside herself with fear—I jumped off the mule and dashed with her into the vineyard, which edged the road with stumpy, thick bushes.

"The mule, released from restraint and maddened by a last prod from my dirk, galloped with astonishing clatter down the narrow road, followed almost instantaneously by a shouting mob of people, all in pursuit of what they believed to be the priest and his captive. I could not help chuckling as they passed by, the old jackass leading at a goodly pace, I had been vainly urging him all the evening.

"But there was no time to be lost, for the road that the pursuers had taken was the one that led straight to the entrance of the Jews' quarter, and it was clearly impossible to try to make that port. I had not a moment to reflect, or probably I should not have dared to do what I did. Raising and disentangling Dolores from her heavy cloak, I half dragged, half carried her across the vineyard, and to the eastward, and thence, by the quickest and quietest road, to the steps, which I had told the men to meet me with the boat. It was lying in waiting, for the big clock of the cathedral had just gone ten, and without ceremony I tumbled my living bundle into it, and jumping in after her, gave the word to be off.

"Not a minute too soon—for the quay was all at once alight and alive with people and lanterns. The news of the escaped nun had just reached the town, and I saw my old enemy, the mule, being dragged into the plaza, and surrounded by a crowd of gaping Spaniards, who seemed to expect he would open his mouth and tell them what he had been doing. Our boat did not altogether escape notice, for some one ran along the quay with a lantern, and cast a long, bright flash across our course; but we had pulled through it before any one could have recognized that the dark mass in the stern of the boat was the lady for whom they were searching.

"My men pulled on in steady, stony British silence, just as if their officers were in the habit of making a dash for it every two or three evenings a week, with some young lady or other. But I was beginning to feel terribly uncomfortable as to the reception Captain Crisps would give us and our fair visitor, and I recollected with relief, that for this night, at all events, he was safely disposed of. I thought it best to give me the my version of the story; so, before we reached the ship, I told them in the most business like manner possible, that the young lady was detained against her will in a convent, and had appealed for protection to a British man-o-war, where she'll find it, lads, of course! I ended, with a confidence which I'm bound to say, I was very far from feeling.

"Wasn't I glad just to find myself safe aboard the vessel again, handing over Dolores, who by this time was quite frightened and cowed into silence, to my superior officer, as in duty bound, and retiring a bit off myself until their first greetings should be over. Then I came forward and explained briefly how it was that the plan of boarding Mother Zachary in the Jews' quarter had fallen through, and exonerated myself for taking the dangerous step of bringing the girl on board the ship, which would in all probability be searched the first thing next morning by the local officials, with a warrant from the English Consul.

"Naturally, the presence of the lady could not be concealed from the other officers and the ship's company, most of whom were already agog to know who this mysterious female who had suddenly appeared on the quarter-deck. Martin, calling the men together, gave them much such an explanation of the affair as I had made in the boat, keeping his own eye and my special part in the business closely out of sight, and leaving each of his auditors with a pleasing impression that it was in consequence of his own remarkable honor and gallantry that the poor, distressed Spanish girl had flown for protection to the men of the Valeria.

"Martin then conducted Dona Dolores to his own cabin, where she was entreated to make herself as much at home as possible, for though an untoward accident had marred the completion of our plans for her safety, there was not a man on board the ship that night who would not prevent her return to the convent if necessary with his life. Martin was almost dead beat; it was a long time before he would let me get to sleep for discussing a hundred different ways of concealing the young lady during the search which we knew was inevitable next day, and for appeasing the wrath of the Captain, a rigid disciplinarian and martinet, which was only one degree less terrible. I fell asleep in the middle of the discussion, and Martin, I believe, went up on deck to stargaze, or else stationed himself on guard outside his own cabin door, within which he cautioned the girl to remain until something was decided for her safety.

"I roused out of what seemed only like half an hour's sleep by the knock and entrance of Mat, one of the mess waiters: a clever, handy chap, whom I had several times thought of taking into our confidence when the rescue scheme was at first undeveloped. Having coughed and hemmed, once or twice, and fidgeted about with my things, which lay in a heap on the floor, as I had kicked them off at night, Mat looked at me very knowingly and said, pulling his forelock:

"If you please, sir, don't you nor the first officer be in any talking about the young lady. With your permission, me and some of the other chaps have a plan which will beat the Papishes hollow. Just give us leave, sir, and the thing is done, and the young lady will be as good as a bird, sir."

"But what's your plan?" said I, for I was beginning to feel I'd done enough in the concern, and would willingly shove off the responsibility upon Martin, Mat or anyone who liked to take it.

"Music, sir," said Mat, coming confidentially nearer, and chuckling so that I could hardly make out what he said. We'll receive the gentlemen, or deputations, or what-not, with all the ropes manned and the colors flying, and the band playing on deck, just as if it was the Duke of Wellington, or the King of Rome, or what you like. I'll play it to-morrow, but not so hard as I'll hurt the young lady inside, sir."

"And in the big drum Dolores was actually concealed next morning, when old Captain Crisps, as innocent as a lamb of what had occurred during his absence, conducted a strong party of priests and police officials over and into every nook and corner of the Valeria in search of the missing nun. We were all in fits of laughter while the old fellow did the honors of his vessel, and the Spaniards' faces grew longer as the search proved fruitless and unavailing. They left not a cranny unnoticed while the band played gay on deck, and the big drum appeared to do quite as much duty as usual, though the broad grins on the faces of some of the bandmen, and the preternatural solemnity of Mat's countenance might lead any one to suspect that something was up.

"Martin was of course introduced to the visitors as first officer of the ship, and one of the old priests asked him suspiciously if this were the usual state of things on board an English vessel—band playing, and flags flying as if for a holiday?

"Oh, no," Martin answered coolly; "we saw the captain was bringing off a boat-load of distinguished visitors, the first thing this morning, and I instantly set about having the ship dressed, and the music playing, to do honor to their arrival."

"I could not help but be pleased at this compliment, and at last they all cleared out, making a thousand apologies for having for an instant suspected any of our honorable number for complicity in the nun's escape. We heard them as they left, deciding to make for the opposite side of the island, where dwelt a wild tribe of fisher people, who might have given the girl shelter.

"How we laughed as they were rowed ashore! Although there was still old Crisps to tell, which, to my mind, was the worst part of it, our spirits began to rise with the success of our last move.

"The bandmen cleared up their instruments and then retired, and Dolores was huddled back into Martin's cabin, where breakfast was spread, and the clock turned on her. I believe the Captain was the only man on board his own ship who did not see the whole transaction; but he was tremendously taken up with our immediate sea-going orders, which had just arrived, and the anchors were to be weighed and the Valeria off to Lisbon without an hour's delay.

"We all had to look alive that morning, and I declare it wasn't till we sat down to dinner in the afternoon, by which time we were almost out of sight of St. Michael's, that I had time to think of the little prisoner in Martin's cabin; though to judge from her moony look, Martin had never thought of anything else. Naturally the conversation at the Captain's table, at which the senior officers likewise dined, turned upon the examination of the morning, and in answer to a mute appeal from Martin opposite, who was unable to say a word, I boldly asked old Crisps, point-blank, what he would have done if the poor little girl had run for refuge to the Valeria from the tyranny of the priests.

"Done, sir!" thundered the old gentleman, spluttering over his grog in his excitement, "I'd have done what every other Christian and officer and gentleman would have done; I'd have given the poor little creature shelter and protection from the rascals that were hunting her, and a chance of becoming a sensible British protestant! Why, by Jove, when those smooth-faced blackguards went sneaking over my ship this morning and I had to palver and speak civilly to them, I just wished the girl had been aboard, that I might have had a hand in saving her. I'll warrant you we'd have managed to keep her out of sight!"

"Martin gave a gasp, like a whale coming up to blow, and jumping up from the table unceremoniously rushed out. In a moment he was back again holding the little nun by the hand.

"Of course old Crisps couldn't say anything, after the manner in which he had committed himself beforehand. And though he gave us a tremendous jawing about the risk, etc., we had run, I believe, he enjoyed the lark as much as anyone; especially as his part in it didn't begin until all the danger was over. I'm not sure that he would have liked driving that jackass down the vineyards; but he was wonderfully polite to Dona Dolores and made her as comfortable and welcome as possible, lent her sermons to read, which she took very demurely, and evidently felt that he had scored one to himself off the Pope by the move.

"We got into Lisbon the next day, and the girl was handed over to the English chaplain's wife, who rigged her out for her wedding with Martin, which took place a few days afterward.

"After that she was sent home to Martin's mother, at Southampton, and I believe she went to school for a bit; anyway, Martin got his promotion shortly, and left the service to settle down in Hampshire with Madam.

"I believe, for she can't help being any more than she can help breathing, though I really think she likes old Harry Martin best in the main.

"Now you may argue," concluded the Lieutenant, putting his pipe back permanently into his mouth and speaking through one corner of it, to signify that his tale was nearly finished; "you may argue that marriages are made in Heaven, and I devoutly hope Providence is setting a good match for the up-and-coming couple, after listening to this yarn, that I had a pretty good lot to do with getting Harry Martin's wife!"

"Georgia boasts of a citizen who has never taken a drink of liquor nor had a spell of sickness, never smoked a cigar nor taken a chew of tobacco, never ate any animal that could climb a tree, nor anything that could live in water or burrow in the ground, nor anything that was cooked by a negro.

Miscellaneous Reading.

JUDGE MACKEY ON THE SITUATION.

In conversation with Judge Mackey, a few days since, he gave us a very interesting sketch of men and things as he saw them on his recent visit North. He was profoundly impressed with General Hancock, with whom he had an extended interview and regards him as in the first rank of American statesmen. The Judge states that General Hancock is confident of victory in the pending election, and expresses his firm conviction that with a free and untrammelled ballot, unswayed by the organized interference of Federal officials, he would be elected by the vast majority in the Northern States alone. He declared that in his judgment the great and vital issue involved in this campaign is the restoration of a spirit of fraternal concord among all American citizens, and that this can best be effected by a just and equal administration of the laws over all, without regard to race, color or station. That the political changes now transpiring throughout the country but mark the general reaction against those methods of government and that sectional party policy which have heretofore tended to defeat that benign object. He expressed himself as highly gratified by the broad and national platform adopted by the South Carolina Democracy in 1876, and reaffirmed in 1880. He especially commended the first article of that platform which is in the following words:

"We accept in perfect good faith the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States; accepting and standing upon them, we turn from the settled and final past to the great living and momentous issues of the present and the future."

Here the Judge made a certain eulogistic statement as derived from General Hancock's official, touching the Surratt execution. The Judge reports General Hancock as saying he made a prompt return to the writ of *habeas corpus*, served on him by Judge Wyle, setting forth the authority by which the prisoner was held in custody, and also the proclamation of President Johnson suspending the writ, but declaring that he submitted himself to the judgment of the Court and would obey the mandate of the writ if the Court so ordered, after hearing the return; by producing the body of the prisoner in open Court.

Judge Wyle held the return sufficient and quashed the writ.

Judge Mackey states that many of the leading business men North, who have heretofore acted with the Republican party and aided to furnish it the "sinews of war" during the past twenty years, have given in their adhesion to Hancock. Among these he instances Union Adams, of New York, the head of one of the largest, if not the largest, wholesale clothing houses in the world and worth many millions of dollars.

The chief fear among men of this class—merchants and bankers—has been that if the Democratic party came to power it might rudely disturb or change disastrously the financial policy maintained by the Republican administration during the past four years. Upon this vital point many of them have conferred with General Hancock, and are perfectly satisfied with the assurances that he has given them.

Judge Mackey has had a long conference with Mr. John Kelly, of New York, whom he characterizes as the *Warwick of American politics*, who, by his splendid party leadership, and his unequalled political sagacity and inflexible resolution, averted a great calamity from the Democratic party. He states that Mr. Kelly is universally recognized as an incorruptible public official, who, as comptroller of New York City, has effected a reformation and reform in its financial administration which has saved to the taxpayers nearly seven millions of dollars during the past two years. The Judge says Tammany is in hearty accord with the regular Democracy on the Presidential issue, and has hence the Hancock banner out from its historic hall. He states that General Hancock and the Democratic leaders of the North, who are most distinguished for their political forecast, regard New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts as the great probabilities that Massachusetts and Pennsylvania will be swept from the Republican column.

All the political telescopes in the North are now being directed towards the Southern horizon.

"Our friends in the North fear, and our enemies there hope, that there will be collisions between the races in the Southern States that will furnish the Republican party the raw material out of which to weave their bloody shirt."

The great danger of violence springs from the practice of a compulsory division of time with Republican speakers at their own called meetings. This practice is regarded in the North as an outrage upon the Republicans—virtually denying them the right of freely assembling to hear their own chosen orators, and it is earnestly advised that no attempt will be made to enforce it in this campaign, for it is certainly calculated to provoke violence.—*Chester Reporter*.

IMAGINATION POWER.

Many persons are sick merely from the effect of imagination or habit, the old woman, for example, who has been bed-ridden for years with her rheumatics. She was alone one summer day at the farm-house. She saw a bull tearing across the pasture in the direction of the house, and feeling that it was "neek or nothing" she bounded out of that bed in double quick time, barred both the doors, and never complained of rheumatism afterward.

Many cases are given in the medical journals of persons who have been bitten by dogs and have afterward taken to foaming at the mouth, shuddering at the sight of water, and imitating the dog's bark, imagining that the signs of hydrophobia, and have actually died in convulsive agonies, the facts being that the mad dogs don't foam at the mouth, never bark, and can drink water "like a fish."

So far from running about in desperation as if a hundred thousand dilapidated tin-pans were tied to their caudal prolongations, really mad dogs are the quietest individuals in the world, make no noise, seem to want to be alone, keep their mouths shut, the distinctive symptoms of such madness being great restlessness, pawing the face and eating their own fresh droppings. Mad dogs do not run after people, but will snarl at any one who comes in their way, especially individuals of their own kind; they seem to trot or run as if looking at something straight ahead. Infinite mischief is done in publishing cases of persons becoming hydrophobic, one, ten and even twenty years after the last remembered biting of a dog, the reporters of such tales not having taken pains to inquire if there had not been a later biting. Such monstrous absurdities are well calculated to keep nervous persons who have been once bitten in a state of wearying uneasiness all their life long afterward. If a person has been bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, the animal should be put in a quiet room and let alone, only slipping in food and drink from time to time. If really mad, death will take place in a day or two, and if not mad, there will be a complete recovery.

Only one bite in twenty of dogs supposed to be mad is fatal.

A dog in New Jersey last year bit a woman, and ran under the sofa; her husband dragged him out by the tail, held him up and whipped him; in this position the dog got a chance of biting his master, who died in a few days of hydrophobia; this shows that the state of mind of the animal gives violence to the bite. A mother nursing her infant child was thrown into a sudden tempestuous rage; as soon as it was over, she finished nursing the child, which was at once taken with convulsions. The state of mind of the mother imparting violence to the milk of her bosom. A lady saw at a distance a window sash falling immediately on the ends of the fingers of her little grandchild; the child's fingers were crushed—those of the grandmother were similarly affected. This is given on the testimony of the distinguished Dr. Brown Sequard. The lesson is, seek to control the imagination and to guard against mental excitement by habituating the mind to take a calm, measured and deliberate view of all the circumstances of the wife of the millionaire; the dog harder than he who has "retired from business."—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

A NEW TAX LEVY.

The man that would invent a plan for paying taxes without oppressing or inconveniencing the people would be very justly voted the benefactor of his race. The raising of money to defray the expenses of government, and keep the State and national finances in a healthy condition, is one of the most serious and perplexing problems that our country's political economists. All sorts of systems of taxation have been resorted to, and very few of them have proved satisfactory. Hardly two men can be found who agree in their views as to the justice and policy of many of the ways and means to which resort is made to meet the public expenses. The popular sentiment would seem to be in favor of taxing the luxuries and exempting the necessities of life; but then there will arise differences of opinion as to what particular commodities constitute luxuries, and how they are to be levied, or ought to be settled by the law-making power so as to be satisfactory to all parties.

The Italian Parliament has taken the bull by the horns in adopting rather a novel policy in this direction, and one that ought to commend itself to general adoption. It has decided to tax titles and the privilege of wearing decorations. By this bill princes, dukes, marquises and barons are taxed according to grade, including the wearing of a crest upon the family coat of arms, and persons who sport a sword of honor. A large income to the State is thus levied upon the vanity of those who luxuriate in titular distinctions. Why, it may be asked, should not this plan be adopted in this country? Certainly, so far as this distinction goes, an American Colonel ought to out rank a beggarly Italian Count, a live Brigadier too over a Marquis, and a Major General, even though retired from business, or put on a peace footing, should be a full match for a Duke or a Prince. In consideration of the sublime gratification of being constantly addressed by these high sounding titles, no American citizen of patriotic impulses could object to paying a reasonable annual stipend.

Only think what a vast sum would be added to the national exchequer of South Carolina alone, by a reasonable levy upon its innumerable Colonels, Majors, Generals and Judges, to say nothing of the hosts of Honorables, and other minor titles, that everywhere prevail. This system of raising funds would, in a measure, obviate the necessity of the whiskey and tobacco tax, and enable the Government to admit quinine, opium, castor oil and chewing gum, with other prime necessities of life, free of duty. A mere nominal tax, that would by no means be onerous to society, collectors, base-ball, political and other badges, would create a sinking fund sufficient to meet the interest on the national debt, finish the Washington monument, build a Darien ship canal, erect a home for indigent ex-Congressmen who have become disabled in the service of their country, and finally pay off the national debt. We feel confident that the more this subject is meditated upon by those self-sacrificing patriots who love their country more than themselves the more reasonable it will appear, and the more it will be hailed as a wise and patriotic measure.

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